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PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

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Saturday, *August* 20, 1803.

The Village Curate;

OR,

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

WHILE the bounty of the generous Trueman was thus employed in releasing the worthy curate from the horrors of a prison, he himself was no less assiduous in soothing, by every act of benevolence and hospitality, the anxiety of the family at home. His urbanity and complacence had already obtained him the good opinion of Mrs. Benley; and the amiable Charlotte began to view him with a sisterly regard. If the graces of his person pleased her eye, his generosity of sentiment, and nobleness of soul, excited her admiration and esteem. Trueman cultivated her good opinion with an anxious solicitude, that bespoke her dear to his heart; and he had the happiness to know that he was not indifferent to the object of his love.

With the assistance of his communicative landlord, he was become acquainted with every transaction that had occurred in the village for at least twenty years back; and from this source he had the painful information of innumerable abuses which his faithless steward had committed on his industrious tenantry; all which he was determined speedily to redress, and to punish with severity their ungrateful author. On this subject were his thoughts employed in one of his evening walks, when he was roused from his meditations by the sudden exclamation of a female voice; and, raising his eye, beheld, on the opposite side of the hedge, the fair object of his affections endeavouring to avoid the importunities of a gentleman who was pursuing her.

"Stay, lovely Charlotte!" said the stranger. "Why, my fair enslaver, do you fly me thus?"

"Why, Sir," returned the affrighted girl, "are you so importunate?"

"Because," answered he, "I wish to remove the cloud of sorrow that hangs on your brow. In short, because I love you. Who could behold beauty such as your's, and live a stranger to affection?"

"Affection!" returned the lovely girl, while the glow of honest indignation increased the vermillion of her cheek; "view your recent conduct to my father, then say if affection bore a leading feature there?"

"On honourable terms," said he, "I sought your hand, which you in scorn refused. Had then your father laid on you his commands, and forced you to be mine, he had escaped my just resentment."

"My choice was free, Sir," said the indignant maid; "and perhaps it was my nature's fault I could not love you. But excuse my abruptness," added she, withdrawing from her persecutor; "should we be seen thus discoursing, the discovery would not add to my reputation."

"This contempt, child, is very pretty," said the unfeeling monster; "but it shall not divert me from tasting the ripe beauties of those matchless charms." Then, rudely snatching the struggling beauty to his loathed embrace, impressed on her lovely lips the guilty purpose of his passion.

At that instant, rage and indignation fired the soul of Trueman; who, darting through the hedge, seized the rude ravisher by the throat, and hurled him to the ground. "Detested monster!" cried the enraged youth, "I know thee well! Thou art the faithless steward to the misused Belfont. Already has thy fame reached thy master's ears; nor think, vile ingrate, that he will suffer thy villainies to escape with impunity." Then, taking the almost fainting Charlotte by the hand, he hasted from this fallen Lucifer, leaving him to the torment of his guilty thoughts, and in utter astonishment at the mysterious words.

The fluttered spirits of the amiable Charlotte hardly supported her from the presence of her base assailant, before she sunk lifeless into the arms of her deliverer; who, urged by fear, placed her on a bank, and ran for water to a neighbouring rivulet, and besprinkled her features with the cooling drops. Soon, to his wishes, she unclosed her lovely eyes; and, fanned by the gentle breezes, recovered from this state of transitory death.

"You tremble still, my Charlotte," said the enamoured youth; "and, by your disordered looks, seem to doubt your safety."

"Oh no!" faintly answered the grateful fair; "where Trueman is, suspicion has no dwelling."

"Enchanting sweetness!" exclaimed the enraptured lover, catching her hand, and carrying it to his lips. "Oh! my lovely Charlotte, never till this hour of danger did I know how dear an interest in my heart you held. Would my sweet girl but kindly listen to my artless tale, would she but give my ardent passion one approving smile——"

"Alas!" interrupted Charlotte, rising from her seat, "I have no smiles to give. On any other subject I will hear you; but, till again my father breathes the air of freedom, till from the chains of bondage he is freed, I have forsworn all joy."

"Till that blest period," said Trueman, "when Fortune shall cease to persecute thy venerable sire, and give the captive to his weeping friends, my passion in conceal-

ment's painful bosom shall dwell immured, if then thou wilt give my artless tale attention! This only do I ask; grant me but this, and Hope, like a fond parent, shall nurture my love, and lull to rest each intrusive care.'

'Then by my hopes of bliss hereafter,' said the lovely maid, 'I vow, when that happy hour arrives, I will not chide thy fondness. But tell me, if you know, what means this sudden joy that through the village reigns? How sweetly sound the merry bells, while every breeze from yon shouting throng wafts the breath of pleasure.'

'And see,' said Trueman, 'where to my Charlotte's cottage they bend their steps! It is, methinks, no vulgar cause that swells this loud acclaim!—But, see, your brother comes, the harbinger of happiness!'

'Oh, Charlotte!' said Harry, as he drew near them, 'our dear father has come home again. Farmer Welford brought the news that he was on the road; and the whole village went to meet him. They took the horses from the chaise, and dragged him to our cottage. My mother cries for joy, and sent me to seek after you. Make haste, my dear sister, my father longs to see you.—And do you, Mr. Truman, come too; my mother has told him what a kind friend you have been. I will run back, and say you are coming.'

'Now, now, my Charlotte,' said Trueman, indulge this flood of joy, nor check the soft emotions of the soul. These tears become thee, which, like the fleeting shower that bathes the summer's day, give fresh lustre to the charms of nature.'

'Is that which I have heard derived from truth?' asked the astonished Charlotte; 'or is it but the dream of fancy? My father released from prison! By whom?'

'Why,' said Trueman, 'should you question whence the gracious bounty came?' It is sufficient that he is returned. Think, my dear Charlotte, the measure of his bliss incomplete, till in his paternal embrace he folds thy lovely form. Hasten then to increase and share his merited happiness." Then, folding her arm in his, he hurried towards her dwelling.

Mr. Benley, at the moment of their approach, was seated at the door of the cottage, surrounded by many of his parishioners; when Charlotte, breaking from Trueman, rushed into her father's arms, exclaiming—'My dear dear father!' The enraptured parent mingled the tears of fond affection with those of filial gratitude; and every countenance beamed with smiles of joy. Nor was the welcome of the worthy Trueman wanting in cordiality; but when the lovely Charlotte related her rescue from the hated Sandford, the murmur of applause fell from every tongue, while the grateful father strained the gallant stranger to his heart by the endearing name of son.

The return of the worthy pastor to his mourning flock, was celebrated by the inhabitants of the parish as a sort of jubilee. Every one strove to excel his neighbour in acts of courtesy. Stores of viands were conveyed from all parts of the village; and while, by the pale light of the moon, sprightly youth led up the merry dance, cheerful age sat and quaffed the nut-brown ale, talked over the feats of former days, and in thought grew young again.

Charlotte, the lovely Charlotte, no more a prey to grief, no more the victim of despair, listened to the impassioned breath of love. The gallant Truman forgot not to claim, nor did the blushing maid refuse, the promise she had made; and, before the hour of parting came, her tongue confirmed the passion which her eyes revealed.

Every occurrence that had happened since Lord Belfont's arrival in the village, he had transmitted to his friend Bremere; and, on confirmation of the oppression which his steward had exercised upon his tenants, inclosed the discharge of that unfeeling wretch, with an order to deliver his accounts to Mr. Benley, whom he appointed his successor. A letter announcing to this gentleman his appointment, also accompanied the packet; which Bremere duly forwarded from London, in the manner his friend had directed.

By this time Bremere, on the permission of Belfont, who now intended to assume his real name and character, had refuted the opinion which had been entertained of the derangement of his lordship's finances. The whole was declared to be a feint; and no one was more affected at this unexpected discovery than Lady Caroline Blandish, the former object of Belfont's regard.

The sensations of Sandford, on reading his Lordship's letter, were such as are familiar only to the guilty mind. In addition to his inhuman treatment of the worthy curate, and libidinous designs on the honour of his child, he had been guilty of the most barefaced acts of fraud on his employer; and, conscious that he had wasted the property of another man, in extending his own ambitious projects of greatness, the conflict became too painful for him to bear. The perturbation of his mind brought on a violent fever, which, as he refused every medical assistance, soon terminated his miserable existence.

Far different were the feelings of Mr. Benley on the perusal of this epistle. That which the ambitious Sandford lost by his pride, he thro' humility had acquired. The salary annexed to the office of steward amounted to three hundred pounds a-year: an acquisition which Mr. Benley as little expected as his release from prison—'How variegated,' exclaimed he, 'is the life of man! His morn of infancy rises immersed in clouds, and the louring tempest carries ruin in its aspect. Anon, the friendly breeze of Fortune disperses the threatening storm: Prosperity's golden sun sheds forth its cheering rays, enervates the chilling blasts of bleak Adversity, and decks the evening of his days in smiles of joy.'

'And oft the ministers of Fate reverse the pleasing scene!' said Trueman, who had entered the cottage unobserved while Mr. Benley was speaking.

'You come very opportunely, my dear friend,' said Mr. Benley, 'to share the pleasure which our new-acquired fortune gives.' And after having informed Trueman of the contents of that letter—which himself had written—said, he had discovered the bounteous hand that gave him liberty. 'I have compared,' said he, 'this letter of my Lord Belfont, with the one I received when under confinement; and I find the characters of each exactly corresponding. To his lordship, therefore, I attribute the benevolent act. To-morrow,' continued Mr. Benley, 'we purpose leaving this humble dwelling, and once more take possession of our former mansion; where I hope, my dear friend, we shall enjoy the pleasure of your company.'

'You do me infinite honour, Sir,' said Trueman; 'and I will study to deserve your favour. But where is Miss Benley, Sir? I came purposely to enquire how she finds herself, after her last night's merriment.'

'I believe you will find her in the garden,' replied Mr. Benley. 'She and her mother will keep you company for an hour or two, while I pay a visit to my friends in the village.'

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

THE LAWSUIT AGAINST AN UNJUST DEITY.

A CURIOUS CHINESE ANECDOTE.

ALTHOUGH the superstition of the Chinese has multiplied, without end, the number of their idols; and though each family is particularly solicitous to honour those which it has chosen and adopted, it does not appear that the people always entertain a sincere respect for these pretended deities. It often happens, that they are abandoned

and neglected, as gods without power, when they are too slow in granting the favours which are requested from them. In such cases the patience of their votaries becomes exhausted, and they carry their offerings somewhere else. Others, less moderate, treat them with the greatest contempt, kick about, and load them with abusive language: 'Thou dog of a spirit,' say they, 'we lodge thee in a commodious temple; and yet, after all the care bestowed upon thee, thou art so ungrateful as to refuse us even necessary things.'—They then tie the idol with cords, drag it through the kennels, and bespatter it with filth, to punish it for all the perfume which they have uselessly wasted upon it. If, during this scene of folly, these frantic devotees should happen to obtain what they wish for, they carry back the image, with great ceremony, to its niche, after having carefully washed and wiped it: they even prostrate themselves before it, and make different excuses for treating it with so little respect: 'Indeed,' say they, 'we were too rash; but, after all, wast thou not in the wrong to be so obdurate? Why shouldst thou suffer thyself to be beaten without necessity? Would it have cost thee more to grant our requests with a good grace? But what is done, is done: let us think no more of it. We shall gild thee again, provided thou wilt forget what is past.'

A ludicrous circumstance which happened in the province of Nanking, at the time F. le Compte resided there, is a farther proof of the little respect which the Chinese sometimes entertain of their gods. A certain man whose only daughter lay dangerously ill, after having, in vain, tried the art of the physicians, resolved to implore the assistance of the gods. Prayers, offerings, alms, sacrifices, all were employed to obtain the wished for cure. The bonzes, who fattened on these gifts, promised a cure, on the faith of the idol, whose power they so much extolled. The girl, however, died; and the father, in the excess of his grief, resolved to be revenged, and to accuse the idol, with all the solemnity of form: for which purpose, he laid his complaint, in writing, before the judge of the place. After having represented, in the strongest terms, the deceitful conduct of the unjust divinity, he affirmed, that exemplary punishment ought to be inflicted upon it, for having broken its word: 'If the spirit,' added he, 'had power to cure my daughter, it was guilty of a gross fraud, in taking my money, and suffering my daughter to die. If it had not power, why did it pretend to it; and by what right does it assume the character of a god? Is it for nothing that we adore it, and that the whole province offers sacrifice to it?' In short, he concluded, that whether it were want of power, or malice in the idol, its temple should be razed, its ministers banished with disgrace, and itself punished in its own person.

The judge considered the affair as important, and referred it to the governor, who, unwilling to have any thing to do with the gods, begged the viceroy to examine it. The latter, after having heard the bonzes, who appeared much alarmed, called the plaintiff, and advised him to drop his suit: 'You are not prudent,' said he, 'to quarrel with this kind of spirits: they are naturally malicious, and I am afraid they will serve you some disagreeable trick. Believe me, you had much better listen to the proposals of accommodation which the bonzes will make you on their part. They have assured me, that the idol, on its side, will hearken to reason, provided you, on the other hand, do not push things to extremity.'

The man, oppressed with grief for the loss of his daughter, persisted in his resolution, and protested that he would rather perish than relax in his request:—'My lord,' said he, 'I am determined. The idol imagined that it might commit, with impunity, every kind of injustice, and that no one would have courage to attack it; but it was mistaken; and we shall soon see which of us is the most malicious and obstinate.'

The viceroy, finding that he could not prevail upon the man to give up the point, ordered preparation to be made for trial; but at the same time gave information to the supreme council at Pekin, before which the affair was carried, and where the parties, some time after, appeared. The idol did not want partisans among the lawyers: those to whom the bonzes offered money to defend it, found its right incontestible, and spoke with so much warmth in its favour, that the god, in person, could not have pleaded better: but they had to do with a man of still greater penetration and shrewdness, who had prudently taken the precaution of supporting his proofs by a large sum of money, which he employed in order to make his case clearer to the judges; persuaded that the devil would be very cunning if he could withstand such weighty argument. In short, after several pleadings, he completely gained his cause. The idol was condemned to perpetual banishment, as useless in the empire; its temple was razed; and the bonzes, who represented its person, were punished in an exemplary manner.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Lucubrator, No. 3.

ON HAPPINESS AND MATRIMONY.

HAPPINESS is anxiously and sedulously sought for by persons in every rank and station of life; but few obtain a knowledge of the path that leads to it. The ideas of mankind respecting the situation in life in which happiness is to be found, are many and various. A young man, entering on the stage of life, immediately embraces the erroneous idea that it is to be found in wealth; his whole aim is to amass a fortune, which he fondly hopes is the companion of happiness. See him in possession of immense riches; his hopes have vanished; happiness is not an attendant thereon, it is *as distant* as ever.

The single man, finding he cannot attain happiness in celibacy, imagines it is to be realised in the married state. But mark him; instead of endeavouring to find a female, who possesses every accomplishment both internal and external, necessary to render this state agreeable and pleasant, he takes a method directly the reverse. His whole aim is the aggrandizement of himself and family; he sighs after riches; he supposes it would disgrace him were he to marry one who was not his equal in point of fortune: he is blinded by ambition, and overlooks the most *glaring* faults in the person of his intended bride. For these he conceives her wealth to be *more* than a sufficient compensation; he pays the customary tribute at the altar of Hymen, and becomes a husband: but *how far* from being a *happy* one! The blemishes of his wife, which before marriage were sufficiently perceptible to others, he now beholds in the most odious colours. Quarrels and bickerings are the natural consequence, followed by contempt and hatred. The society of her who should have been a comfort to him, becomes obnoxious; and melancholy quickly seizes upon his mind.——Deluded man! you have mistaken your road, and chosen that which has led you to the arms of care, instead of happiness!

The ambitious, the libertine, and the inebriate man, all seek for happiness. The former, when he has ascended the dangerous ladder of power, is convinced that happiness is not there, and that he has not advanced a step farther towards the attainment of this object than when he began to ascend. The two latter grasp at happiness as children do at the bubble blown from a pipe—no sooner is it touched than it vanishes, and leaves the disappointed mortal to exclaim—"Alas! happiness, you have eluded my embrace!"

In what situation of life then is happiness to be realised? or is it to be realised at all? In the state of wedlock you may approach the nearest to perfect happiness. Where pure and unsullied love reigns predominant, in the breasts of those who are bound by that *sacred* and *indissoluble* tie; where the affection which subsists between them is founded on the most firm and solid basis, there mutual harmony and felicity is found, unmixed with the disputation and wrangling which unhappily disgraces many married pairs, who have entered into the state of matrimony, void of the least affection for each other. It is to this latter source that we ought to trace the numerous applications for divorces which reflect so much discredit on our city. It is scarcely possible it should be otherwise, for it is but natural that miserable persons should wish

to be released from the misery which is the inseparable companion of unhappy marriages.

The state of matrimony is then obviously the *most happy* of all other conditions, when united with love mutual and inviolable. It is a state in which happiness in some degree is generally to be met with—where real conjugal felicity subsists, there is happiness—where *each* is mutually endeavouring to render the *other* happy, there is happiness and felicity.

Think not, ye whose whole time is occupied in scenes of incontinency and debauchery, that you will enjoy happiness; for happiness and libertinism are *incompatible with each other*. Ask your conscience, and it will give you the same information. Pause and reflect! it is not too late—you may yet enjoy HAPPINESS in the MARRIED STATE.

S.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

NOW, Mr. Hogan, you have hit it; you have pleased me to a hair's breadth. The Village Curate suits my taste exactly, while it captivates my heart. To me it is infinitely superior to your *Old Nicks*, your *Nutshells*, your *Griselides*, and your *Dervishes*. The latter, indeed, I believe I wished in plain terms to the d—l. But this is a master-piece; it carries with it all the marks of the legitimate offspring of a sound head and good heart; and none of that rodomantado and forced incident which so commonly designates the crude productions of the greater part of our modern novelists. I like it so well, that I want words to express my approbation of it. However, I will endeavour to compensate for this defect, by detailing to you the effect it has had on our family generally; and you know Sir, "that a good tree is known by its fruits." The first paragraph convinced me that the author knew his subject well; and before I arrived at the end of she second column, the plot unfolded itself to be a virtuous one.

I pursued the subject with avidity; and finding the banquet was too rich to be enjoyed alone, I requested my father (who by the bye has no relish for romance and tales of fiction, unless they embrace a moral) to read it and give me his opinion of it, or permit me to read it aloud to the family. My father but coldly assenting, I dropt it for the time; but when the last number of the Repository came, I could refrain no longer? and knowing it was the very thing itself to please my father's taste, and interest his feelings, I again urged the perusal of it, and at last prevailed upon him to read it. Pleased with my conquest over my father's prejudices, I paid particular attention to the muscles of his face during the perusal, and to my no small gratification, I soon perceived the lines which always mark his face when he is pleased, obtain their wonted seats, and a general diffusion of pleasure overspread his whole countenance, which seemed to beam with a kind of glory, which is frequently imitated by painters to represent a divine personage; in a word, I never saw my father's face so resplendant before, and his eyes sparkled as if they would leap from their sockets. He continued in this delightful frame until he came to the Curate's soliloquy, when his countenance immediately partook of that kind of sadness which is excited when the feeling heart is participating the sufferings of persecuted innocence and virtue. He stopped for a moment as if in an ejaculation, and after lifting his eyes towards heaven, he proceeded in the narrative, until the worthy Curate opened and read the truly generous letter of Trueman; and the moment the bank-notes were detailed, I perceived his countenance exchange the sable cloud of sadness, for the vivid sparklings of a joyous eye. Pleasure and serenity marked the whole face, insomuch that I thought my father looked more like an angel than a man. The placidity of his face, graced as it were with a heavenly smile, bore the most striking testimony of a mind in the enjoyment of the most sublime pleasure, and in a moment I beheld him reclining against the wall, having fallen back in his chair in gentle convulsions. In this situation he remained about half a minute, when feeling myself alarmed, I accosted him, gently lifting his right hand, and kissing it. This filial act seemed to restore him again to a degree of recollection, when he tenderly embraced me, saying—"O! my dear Amelia, these were the sweetest moments of my life; this is surely an antipast of that sublime pleasure which can only be fully enjoyed in a state of unsullied purity and perfect happiness. Cultivate, my dear Amelia, these finer feelings of the soul, by the exercise of such benevolent actions, and it cannot fail to give you the most exalted pleasure here, and prepare you for the enjoyment of that happy state where all is extacy hereafter." I hope, Mr. Hogan, the impression made on my mind by this advice, and the attitude of my father a few moments before, will never be effaced.

I must not omit to inform you of the effect it has had on the rest of our family.—On hearing the story, our maid Bridget has fallen in love with Trueman, and I am afraid will endeavour to rival Miss Benley; she does nothing but talk of Trueman from morning to night, and I may say from night to morning he is the constant theme of her dreams: and what is not less remarkable, one of my father's apprentices (altho' contrary to the tenure of his indenture) has fallen in love with Miss Benley, and to gratify his passion as much as possible, he has drawn her picture, not only in his imagination, but on paper, which he idolizes as one of the most accomplished beauties in existence—Del-tobosa Delamanca he says was a mere block when compared with Miss Benley.

But this influenza does not stop here; for Dinah, the negro girl, has also conceived such an attachment for Mr. Trueman, as to discover no small degree of jealousy towards Bridget, and but for the interposition of my mother, they had absolutely gone to loggerheads about him.—This to be sure is an evil to be lamented, but "there is no rose without the thorn."

I have now only to beg Mr. Hogan that you will give us a brimmer of the Village Curate, as I am impatient to see Miss Benley inherit the title of Lady Belfont, and the good old Parson and his wife enjoying all the happiness that can result from such an happy union. AMELIA.

Small Talk,

NO. X.

ROBERT,

The eldest son of William the Conqueror, tho' ambitious, brave and enterprising, possessed such filial respect for his father, that he never would have disturbed his tranquillity, had he not been instigated by Ivo and Alberic, sons of Hugh de Grent Mesmil. They represented to Robert, whose temper, tho' mild, was inflammable, that his father had flagrantly affronted him in refusing to give him possession of the dukedom of Normandy, (which he had promised him in the grand French Council) and that he intended to share it among his younger brothers. Ivo and Alberic having succeeded in sowing the seeds of sedition, withdrew from the French court, together with Robert, who was there on a visit, and raised troops, being joined by a number of French noblemen, (with their numerous vassals) desirous of distinguishing themselves under the command of Robert, who was esteemed one of the best soldiers of his age. They possessed themselves of the strong and large fortress of Gerberoy, and

from which they made frequent excursions, and making great depredations, ravaging all Vexin Normandy, and the Pais de Caux. With a view to stop these excurcursions, William the Conqueror, king of England, began his march in the depth of winter, and invested Gerberoy. The besieged made several sallies, in one of which Robert perceiving an officer in the English army, fighting with great prowess and impetuosity, ran at him with *his lance, wounded and unhorsed him*, at the first blow; the next would in all probability have put an end to his life, had not the vanquished cavalier *raised his beaver*, and displayed the individual *countenance of his own father!*

Robert, shocked at the outrage he had unknowingly committed against the laws of nature, fell down on his knees, and with *tears in his eyes craved his father's pardon.*

William, stung with shame and indignation, instead of granting the pardon he requested, *cursed him with great bitterness.*

[*See Smollet's Hist. of Eng. 3d Octavo edition, Vol. I. pages 294, 295, and 296.*

DANGER OF SPORTING WITH THE AFFECTIONS.

ILLUSTRATED IN A TALE.

A CERTAIN English clergyman, eminent for his accomplishments, who had spent many years in travelling with a young nobleman, took up, at length, his residence in the neighbourhood of a great town, at the seat of his young pupil. He then entertained the firm persuasion, "that true felicity and virtue consist in uniformly subjecting all the passions to the dictates of the understanding." His ardour for knowledge, and the constant succession of new objects, which naturally resulted from his ambulatory mode of existence, had hitherto rendered it no very difficult matter to realize this truth. But the moment he was settled, his mind began to vary with the scene. Where so many objects solicited his attention at the same time, some were unavoidably preferred. A fine garden, delightful arbours, a beautiful sheet of water, streams, cascades, grottos, wildernesses, large fields, delicious woods, and extensive plains, engrossed at first his whole attention. The united charms of such rural and enchanting scenes were his evening and morning amusement. Wherever he went on business or pleasure, he still felt a secret impulse recalling his affections to the spot, where all his happiness naturally centred. Even here, however, like the first man in the bosom of paradise, he was soon far from being completely blessed. No longer absorbed in other pursuits, he sighed insensibly for a companion to share his enjoyments. Now, if a spotless maiden should appear; all innocence, and all soul; all love, and of love all worthy; if in her large arched forehead all the capacity of immeasureable intelligence, which wisdom can communicate, be visible; if her compressed but not frowning eye-brows, speak an unexplored mine of understanding, or her dimpled cheek sympathetic goodness of heart, which flows thro' the clear teeth, over her pure and efficient lips; if she breathe humility and complacency; if dignified wisdom be in each tone of voice; if her eyes, neither too open nor too close, often gently turned, speak the soul, that seeks a sisterly embrace; if she be superior to the powers of description; if all the glories of her angelic form be imbibed like the mild and golden rays of an autumnal evening sun; what do you think would become of our philosopher and his sublime theory?

Near this retirement, there chanced to reside a lady of most exquisite beauty; but alas! she had not that sanctity of innocence, that divinity of maiden purity before described, but wiles affecting every look of modesty. She possessed the wretched pride of silence, a measured affectation of speech, eyes arrogantly overlooking misery and poverty, an authoritative nose, and lips blue with envy, or half bitten thro' from artifice or malice. The elegance of her person soon however attracted the attention of the philosopher, and fancying the mind must correspond, through the medium of a friend he obtained an interview. This lady, who was so well able to put on the mask, listened with attention to his discourse, and seemed eager to cultivate his acquaintance. Not insensible of the conquest she had made, she diverted her female friends with the tender sensibility of the *poor fool*, her lover, as she used to stile him. This coquetry being managed with address, was nicely calculated to operate on an easy and unsuspecting mind. Imagine now the sensibility of the philosopher, who had singled out the fair by the kindest partiality, when assured she had all along regarded him with a similar emotion. His happiness became inseparable from hers. He soon, however, experienced all those teasing perplexities which the artifice of a cunning woman was able to contrive. The triumph of conquest was her only aim. So capricious and evanescent appeared the attachment of an inconsiderate and giddy mind. The impression on such, like those made on a stream by the gentlest breeze, exist but for a moment: far otherwise the attachment of the feeling, the susceptible, and the pensive. How infinitely more durable the sensibilities he indulged! He possessed, however, too much good sense not to see through her duplicity; and to discover that she was trifling with the sensibilities of a heart, which thousands would have soothed and cherished with joy; yet to tear from his bosom all at once its dearest object on earth, occasioned the most serious and inexpressible concern. The struggle was indispensible, and competent to all his philosophy. It was reason asserting her supremacy over passion, and heaven striving for the mastery over man. At this interval the lady removed the mask, and married a wild fortune-hunter, who soon brought her into contempt and wretchedness. Happy would it have been for our philosopher, could his wounded mind have been restored to its former health and tranquillity. But his heart was gone, and with it all relish for life. It was not henceforward in the power of medicine, variety, or expedient, to afford him the least interval of serenity. His nights and his days were alike dreary and joyless. The scenes which had been the witnesses of his happier hours now became the constant and solitary companions of his wretchedness. At last, overwhelmed with thought, the brain sunk lethargic, and the philosopher was converted into the happier idiot, until death soon, fortunately, closed the melancholy and degrading scene.

PHENOMENON OF NATURE.

A circumstance occurred in the western part of this state, (Vir.) between three and 4 years ago, which deserves to be recorded. About 750 to 800 feet from the top of the Ragged Mountain, a stream of water 17 or 18 feet deep, broke out. The eruption, which resembled the sound of distant thunder, carried with it a dwelling house, 28 feet by 18, four hundred yards from its source, the whole disappearing in about two minutes. The aperture in the mountain is about 40 feet long, and 30 wide—the longest side of the elipses being up the mountain, and about three feet deep. The present head of the break is of soft rock; the surface of the earth covering, there about, a stratum of rock. The stream tore up every thing in its passage.

There are several other breaks in the same neighbourhood. One of them burst up a rock with a tree on it, and deposited it three or four feet from its original station.

The principal spout first mentioned,

seemed to have lost its force as it descended, which appears by the comparative height, which it was thrown, in turning the points of the mountain which run into the valley.

These breaks are on every side of the mountain; but no instance of them ever occurred, until within the period mentioned above. [*Richmond, Vir. Ex.*

The importance of Social Harmony, to the Happiness of Life.

OUR state in this life resembles that of passengers in a crowded street. Every one, pursuing the way in which business or pleasure leads him, meets with obstacles and interruptions from others bent upon the same errand. If all resolve to keep their road directly onward, without the least attention to others, neither yielding a little to let them pass, nor regulating their steps and motions in some correspondence with those of the rest, universal confusion must ensue, and none will be able to advance with tolerable speed. Whereas, if every one attends a little to the accommodation of his neighbour as well as his own, and complies with such rules as are laid down for the general advantage, all may proceed with reasonable convenience and expedition. In the march of life, no one's path lie so clear as not in some degree to cross anothers's; and if each is determined, with unyeilding sturdiness, to keep his own line, it is impossible but he must both give and receive many a rude shock.

None are so blind as those unwilling to see.

IT is strange with what obstinacy people are attached to the principles, they have once adopted. Mary Woolstoncraft, in a letter to her profligate and unfeeling paramour, Imlay, in the midst of a description of the severe sufferings she endured in consequence of following her pernicious, immoral, and irreligious opinions, declares, "Yes: I shall be happy—This heart is worthy of the bliss its feelings anticipate—*And I cannot even persuade myself, wretched as they have made me, that my principles and sentiments are not founded in nature and truth.*

ENGLISH INDUSTRY.

Mr. PICTET, of Geneva, in his account of a late visit of three months to Great Britain and Ireland, has astonished the people of the Continent, with the following power of English industry:—"There is (says he) a case in which a raw material, value one half-penny, is raised by manufacture, to the worth of 35,000 guineas!"—This takes place in the art of a watch-spring-maker. A pound of crude iron only cost a half-penny—it is converted into steel—that steel is made into watch-springs; every watch-spring is sold for half a guinea, and weighs only one-tenth of a grain. There are in a pound-weight 7,000 grains; it, therefore, affords steel for 70,000 watch-springs. The value of all these, at half a guinea each, is 35,000 guineas.

NEW EUROPEAN DISCOVERIES.

A *new lamp* has been inveated by Baron EDELERANTZ, in which, by means of mercury and a weight, the oil is made to ascend, and to remain at any given height.

—

By some extensive experiments on the *Magnetic Needle*, at Paris, its declination has been taken at 22°, being the same as in 1792, and 1800; it thus appearing stationary, whilst for ten years before it increased at the rate of 6′ or 8′ per annum. In the year 1762, the declination was 18¼°.

—

A *new sugar* has been discovered in the grape, which is the basis of wine. It is contained in the proportion of about 30 per 100 in the juice of the grape, and crystallizes differently from that of the sugar-cane.

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Wild vine, or, as it is sometimes termed, hedge-plant, strewed in granaries, banishes rats and mice, to whom the smell of this wood is extremely offensive.

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The Paris Journals mention a singular discovery that has been made in the neighbourhood of Nice. It is a vast cavern, the entrance to which is very narrow. The inside of this cavern, the whole extent of which has not yet been explored, contain several vast apartments, which resemble temples, ornamented with columns formed by crystallized water. One of the apartments is capable of holding four hundred persons. From the reflection of the crystal, very little light is necessary to illuminate the inside in the most magnificent manner.

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From the result of the numerous experiments made by M. VAN MARUM, in Germany, it appears, that, for the purpose of extinguishing fires, no more water should be thrown on the burning part than is necessary to wet its surface; care should be taken likewise not to leave an extinguished part between two others that are in flames. The most violent part of the fire should first engage the attention of the firemen, who should follow the progress of the flames, as, by creating a strong steam, the atmosphere air is cut off from the ignited body, and the flames of course subside. M. Van Marum has repeatedly set on fire a pitched barrel, and extinguished it with two ounces of water; and at Haerlem, Gotha, and other places, he has set in flames a temporary room, composed of highly inflammable matter, and put them out within the space of three or four minutes, by means of fifty-four pints of water.

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A very rich and abundant spring of petroleum has recently been discovered on the borders of Liguria, in Italy, and is now, without any mixture, filtration, &c. used in lighting the streets of Genoa. It gives an equal light at one-fourth part of the expence of common oil; it is extremely limpid, has a strong pungent smell, and its specific gravity is to that of water as 83 to 100, and to olive oil as 91 to 100.—There are 520 pretoleum wells in the Burmha dominions, near a village called Racnanghong, which signifies a town through which a river of oil flows—the oil produced from these wells is of a dingy green colour, highly odoriferous, and is used for lamps and other purposes; it has some medical properties, and is used as a lotion in cutaneous eruptions, and as an embrocation in bruises and rheumatic affections. On an average, 412,360 hogsheads of this oil are annually raised from these wells, (some of which are 250 feet deep.) The oil of the Ligurian well (like those of Asia) possesses all the properties of coal tar, being in fact the same thing; the only difference is, that nature elaborates in one case, what results from chemical process in the other.

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A varnish, composed of equal parts of white glass and soda, finely pulverised, is now obtaining use in England, instead of the old deleterous lead varnishes, for earthen ware. [*N. Eng. Pal.*

PHILADELPHIA,

AUGUST 20, 1803.

INTELLIGENCE.

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Agreeably to the Act of Congress of the 8th of May, 1792, the Treasurer of the United States has given public notice, that hereafter no copper coins, or pieces whatsoever, except cents and half cents, pass current as money, or be paid, or offered to be paid, or received as payment for any debt, &c. under penalty of forfeiting the same, and a fine of ten dollars. [*Relf.*

A Hint to Sea-faring People.

FROM various experiments it appears, that most men are specifically lighter than common water, and still more considerably lighter than sea-water. Consequently, could persons who fall into the water, have presence of mind enough to avoid the fright usual on such occasions, many might be preserved from drowning; and a very small piece of wood, such as an oar, would buoy a man above water, while he had spirit to keep his hold.

A Gentleman who had been on board a Maltese ship of war, observed hanging to the tafferal, a block of wood almost like a buoy, and so balanced that one end swam upright, carrying a little flag-staff, with a small vane: the person who was on duty on the poop, had orders to cut the rope by which the buoy hung, upon any cry of a person falling overboard; and as the block would be in the ship's wake by the time the person floated therein, he was sure of having something at hand to sustain him till the boat should come to his assistance, and should that take so long time to do, as that the distance from the ship to the man rendered him invisible, yet the boat would have a mark to row towards, shown them by the vane.

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A COMET

Was seen at sea, July 13th ult. latitude 50, longitude 36, between 11 and 12 o'clock, P. M. bearing nearly due east, and about two degrees above the horizon. In size it appeared about half as large as the moon at full, and produced a brilliant light; the horizon being cloudy its rising was obscured from us. It was in view about a quarter of an hour, and was then obscured by clouds. From its direction, supposed to be the same which appeared in 1780.—From the beginning of July to the time of the Comet's appearance, there was a constant succession of thick and rainy weather, with heavy winds more like to November weather, than midsummer. On the day succeeding the comet's appearance, an entire change took place, with a clear atmosphere and mild weather.

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Remarkable.—A Gentleman in the state of Ohio, in a letter to his friend in this county, mentions the following singular circumstance:—"Some persons a short time since, in digging a Well some distance on the hill, in the town of Cincinnati, at the depth of 90 feet, came to a *stump* of a tree, the roots of which were so sound, that they had to be cut away with an axe: at 94 feet they came to another, which still bore evident marks of the axe; and on its top there appeared as if some *iron* tool had been consumed with rust." [*Franklin Repository.*

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[*From the Baltimore Telegraphe.*

THE great number of children who fall victims to the Cholera, in this season of the year, is a strong inducement to publish the following remedy, which has always succeeded when the lax proceeded not from the effect of worms, the cutting of teeth, or from repercated humours; it strengthens the debilitated organs and neuteralizes the acrimony of the morbific humour.

Put half a drachm of salt of Tartara in a pint of water, this is all the remedy.

Give the patient of this alkaline water every 2 hours, lengthening the interval of the doses as soon as the complaint begins to abate, which commonly happens the same day.

To a child one year old, two tea-spoonsfuls for the first dose, and afterwards only one tea-spoonful, every two hours, in two or three spoonfuls of milk and water sweetened together; increasing the dose according to the age, half a tea-spoonful more for every year.

This remedy is equally effectual for adults; it is a sort of specific in bilious diarrhea.

The first dose for an adult, is a table-spoonful, mixed with an equal quantity of sweetened water, afterwards the half of this dose four or five times in 24 hours.

If due attention be given to this remedy, hundreds of victims will be snatched from the jaws of death every year.

The heads of families, who may be ignorant, that the salt of Tartara is dissolvable in the air ought to preserve it for use in a phial stopped up.

The printers in general, for humanity sake, are requested to give this remedy all possible publicity.

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INTERMENTS in the different burying-grounds of the City of Baltimore, for the week, ending the 15th inst. at sun-rise—Adults, 12; Children, 21—Total, 33.

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FEVER IN NEW YORK.

Reports of the Committee of Health.

August 12. Fifteen new cases, including 5 seaman sent to the Marine Hospital, on Staten Island. Three deaths.

August 13. Fourteen new cases, and three deaths. Bellevue Hospital was yesterday opened for the reception of the sick, and five persons conveyed there in the afternoon.

August 15. For 48 hours, eleven new cases, and five deaths, one of which was at Bellevue Hospital.

August 16. Fourteen new cases, and 5 deaths. At the Marine Hospital, the Health-officer reports, that of 44 persons sent there since the 16th July, 21 have died, 3 doubtful, and 20 on the recovery.

August 17. Twenty-four new cases, and 7 deaths.

August 18. Eighteen new cases, and 6 deaths.

Number of Interments in the city of New-York, from the 6th to the 13th inst. inclusive—Children 27; Adults 36—Total 63.

The following account of Deaths in this city, in the year 1743, is taken from PARKER'S WEEKLY POST BOY, of the 24th Oct. 1743.

"An account of the persons buried in the city of New York, from the 25th of July to the 25th Sept. 1743—Children, 51; grown persons, 114, in all 165.

"From the 25th Sept. to the 22d Oct.—Children, 16; grown persons, 36, in all 52.

"And do find by the best information I have of the doctors, &c. of this city, that the late distemper is now over. JOHN CRUGER, Mayor."

By this document it appears, that the fever broke out about the last of July, and ceased towards the last of October. The population of this city, at that period, was about 10,000 inhabitants. The number is nearly seven times as great at present. The total amount of deaths in 1743, was 217, averaging in the space of three months, about 17 deaths weekly. The proportion according to our present population, would average 119 deaths weekly.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Linn, Mr. *Michael Weightenberg*, to Miss *Mary Service*, both of this city.

———, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. *John Russel*, of this city, to Miss *Hannah Turner*, late of Bordentown, N. Jersey.

———, on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. *John M'Gregor*, of Scotland, to Miss *Sarah Pinkerton*, daughter of Mr. John Pinkerton of this city.

———, on the 16th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Blackwell, Mr. *William Montgomery*, jun. to Miss *Amelia Moser*, both of this city.

———, on the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Charles Cavender, Mr. *David Dunlap*, of this city, to Miss *Catharine Hewston*, daughter of John Hewston, esq. of Kensington.

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Deaths.

DIED, on the 12th inst. of an inflammation of the bowels, Mr. *Lewis Fresnaye*, tobacconist of this city.

——, at Frankford, on the 13th inst. *Arthur Saunderson*, a native of Ireland.

——, on the 28th July, at New-Bedford, (Mas.) in the 79th year of his age, *William Greenleaf*, esq. formerly a respectable merchant of Boston.

——, at Natchez, on the 8th of July, after a short illness, Mr. *Thomas Respess*, jun. of Kentucky. This gentleman was one of the party who suffered by the depredations of the banditti in the wilderness, on the 22d ult.

——, lately in England, Mrs. *Pope*, the actress. Her death is supposed to be occasioned by a fit of apoplexy, with which she was seized while playing for Mr. Cooper's benefit.

——, in London, on the 5th of June, Mrs. *Farren*, mother of the Countess of Derby. The Countess of Derby was formerly Miss Farren, the accomplished actress.

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COMMUNICATION.

See there he stalks relentless! O thou Death,
What havoc hast thou made since first was drawn
The sin-avenging sword.

——, on the 8th inst. Mrs. *Nancy Montgomery*, wife of Mr. Andrew Montgomery, of Southwark, school-master, in the 32d year of her age, after a very tedious illness, which she bore with that Christian fortitude and resignation which clearly evidenced to her pious acquaintances, that death was only a friendly messenger sent to remove her to ineffable happiness.

Often hath the writer hereof beheld her with pleasure, when in the bloom of youth, her cheek flushed with health, and her eyes beaming with modest mirth and liveliness; she diffused around a spirit of happiness and contentment. He has seen her too, the delight of a fond husband, the stay and joy of her venerable mother; in the prime of life wasting imperceptibly away, calm, peaceful, and resigned—And he saw her, for the last time, cold, pale and lifeless, lying in the coffin, surrounded by weeping relatives and friends. The speaking eye was closed, quenched were its lively beams—the tongue could no longer perform its office, and that hand which had so often given him a friendly welcome, lay lifeless in its spotless shroud—She is gone

let us hence learn, that fast approacheth the moment when we also must close our eyes on sublunary objects—and while time is prolonged let us all be diligent.

C.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. HOGAN,

Last year, during the fever, while on a visit to the place which is the subject of the following lines, I was requested, by some ladies then present, to give my sentiments of it in poetry. Without hesitation, in fact, without a consciousness of the arduousness of the undertaking, (for what will we not all attempt, to please the Fair?) I sat about it; and, to my astonishment, produced the following Stanzas, in a measure I never before attempted. It is a happy circumstance for minor poets, that their effusions are (as Mr. Jefferson says) "beneath the dignity of criticism;" otherwise I might expect to smart under the lash of the "satiric thong," for exposing so imperfect a piece to the public eye. E.

☞ The expressions in Italics are intended to designate local allusions.

STANZAS ON

RURAL RETREAT,

The Country Seat of Mr. R. B. near the Falls of Schuylkill.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. L. B.

THE Muse has been ask'd to attempt an essay,
In praise of your well-chosen Seat;
But, alas! how unequal is she to the lay,
That shall in just language, or colours, pourtray,
The beauties of RURAL RETREAT.

Yet Friendship lays claim to an amity-strain,
(And Friendship's a charmer supreme!)
Her dictates I follow—'twill not be in vain—
Tho' humble my numbers, they'll serve to explain
The pleasure I take in the theme.

The theme is Retirement, where Nature expands
In all her allurements complete;
Where Youth, Love, and Innocence, joining their hands,
Show forth, to the envy of neighbouring lands,
The blessings of RURAL RETREAT:

Where kind Hospitality loves to impart,
In gen'rous profusion benign,
Without education, or study, or art,
The sweets of the taste, the delights of the heart,
And the balsam of Friendship divine.

Then ye, who are form'd for contemplative ease,
Bend hither your way-straying feet;
For here you'll find all that the fancy can seize,
The Poet, Musician, or Painter to please,
In the bow'rets of RURAL RETREAT:—

The gay scenes of Nature, to charm the fond eye;
Her sublime, to enrapture the mind;
Her melodies, from the plum'd warblers on high,
That make the woods vocal, float soft thro' the sky,
And fill us with feelings refin'd.

And ye who in sportive amusements delight,
Gunners, anglers, may here range or sit:
The latter the waters of Schuylkill invite:
The former the wild-fowl and squirrel incite,
To traverse all RURAL RETREAT:

But what have I said?—Ah! it must not be so,
Ye must these inhabitants spare;
For the Master and Mistress no cruelty know;
And ever on innocent creatures bestow,
Their bounty, protection, and care.

But hither, kind spirits, whom sympathies fire,
Where soft sensibilities meet;
'Tis you, whom the beauties of Nature inspire;
'Tis you who can feelingly, justly admire
The beauties of RURAL RETREAT:

Here sighing young virgins, and love-breathing swains,
With souls of pure friendship, may flee;
Recline in the arbors, or rove o'er the plains,
Unfold and exchange all their pleasures and pains,
From prying impertinence free.

Lo! yonder the *Garden*, delightful to view,
Solicits my musings to greet;
I catch the occasion—my musings pursue—
Regal'd by the flow'rets of ev'ry fine hue,
Whose fragrance fills RURAL RETREAT.

How sweet is the verdant-arch'd gravelly way,
For health or for pastime to rove!
And propitious the round *Central Bow'r* to display,
The full tide of Friendship, in richest array,
Or the vows and the raptures of Love!

What prospects all-various unfold on the sight,
With profit and pleasure replete!
The harvest-crown'd fields the attention invite
The vegetive kingdoms and orchards delight,
With the blessings of RURAL RETREAT.

As the view extends further, the misty woods show,
Whose tops 'mid heav'n's azure are seen;
While mansions red-roof'd rise where groves thickly grow,
On green-cover'd hills, and in vallies below
Where Schuylkill glides gently-serene.

Not far distant hence is (emphatical stil'd)
The *Cottage* so humble and neat,
Where many smart Beaux, from the City exil'd,
Have many dull hours in retirement beguil'd,
To wander near RURAL RETREAT.

There on Dulcineas in transport to gaze;
Or in their blest company rove,
Along where the path-way thro' underwood strays,
Or by the lone river's meandering maze,
To pour the soft feelings of Love.

Nor can I forget the *Romantic Rock* here,
(Where Youth oft their visits repeat)
Overhanging the margin of Schuylkill so clear,
Whence picturesque scenes all surrounding appear,
And more lovely make RURAL RETREAT.

There, as late with its Lasses I wander'd along,
To enjoy the cool evening air,
How sweetly they chaunted the heart-soothing song,
While echoes, the woods and the vallies among,
Return'd the soft notes of the Fair.

These, these, are a few of the numberless charms,
Rich treasures and pleasures so sweet,
By which each beholder this residence warms,
To admire and to praise, as the choicest of farms,
The blissful gay RURAL RETREAT:

And had I but Carlos's* magical plume,
With his bright description sublime,

NOTE.

* *Dr. CALDWELL—See his description of Grange, the Seat of John Ross, Esq. inserted in the Minerva, March 21, 1795.*

This Seat and its Garden, in verdure and bloom,
In fullest luxuriance, and richest perfume,
Should live till the exit of Time.

But, since the Muse grants no poetical fire,
To aid me Life's languors to cheat;
At least shall Sincerity breathe from the Lyre,
And warm-cherish'd wishes my bosom inspire,
For the household of RURAL RETREAT.

Long may you enjoy this enchanting Retreat,
Respected, admir'd, and caress'd;
And Peace, Love, and Innocence here hold their seat,
With all that can make life delightfully sweet,
And you and your family bless'd!

MR. HOGAN,

The following Solution of the ENIGMA, in last Saturday's Repository, is at your service. I. E.

WHEN loud the dreadful thunders roll,
And shake this earth from pole to pole,
And all their rage disclose;
'Midst darkest gloom, when lightnings play,
And dreadful flash, then we essay
In SAFETY to repose:

When hostile foes in battle join,
And man with man, in fell design,
Their murdering arms oppose;
When storms and tempests rend the sky,
And furious roar, nor shelter nigh,
In SAFETY we'd repose.

When Pestilence, with large domain,
Triumphs amidst its hosts of slain,
Wide wasting as it goes;
And when the fever-pointed spear,
With ills of ev'ry kind appear,
In SAFETY we'd repose.

The Christian smiles tho' deaths abound,
His faith is built on firmest ground,
Nor fears surrounding foes;
Calmly he meets the stroke of death,
With joy he yields his latest breath,
In SAFETY to repose.

The beasts that roam the forest wide,
And fish that swim the briny tide,
Tho' oft assail'd by foes;
As well as men enjoy the scene,
When tranquil, undisturb'd, serene,
In SAFETY they repose.

Let ev'ry soul with ardour pray,
And seek it early while they may,
At morn, and evening's close;
Then SAFETY they will surely find
"Is center'd in th' ETERNAL MIND,"
And smiles in sweet repose.

The Almighty Saviour from above,
Crown'd with sweet peace and heav'nly love,
Triumphantly arose;
He burst the bands of death and hell,
That kings, and subjects too, might dwell,
In SAFETY and repose.

Thus have I strove, OLIVIA fair,
To solve the Enigma, and declare,
'Tis SAFETY gives us peace;
And when with JESUS CHRIST combin'd,
Its richest blessings we shall find
In realms of endless bliss. I. E.